

## Blessed 771

### [Chapter 771 The Price Of Road Rage](#)

The more Lyle thought about it, the angrier he became. He covered his belly that was kicked by Yvonne with one hand and took the elevator to catch up with Trevor.

With rage in his heart, he muttered, "I won't dare to beat the daughter of the deputy mayor. But that toy boy... I will definitely teach him a lesson."

When he arrived at the parking lot, Lyle saw Trevor starting the gorgeous McLaren Senna.

He stood still in shock as the silver sports car roared.

He watched it leave the parking lot.

"Impossible! That bitch must have bought it for him," Lyle murmured to himself. He fiercely stared at the taillights of the McLaren Senna with jealousy and hatred in his heart.

"Bah! He's really a gigolo!"

He spat on the ground and got in his car angrily, intending to catch up with Trevor.

Trevor just drove leisurely. He wanted to call Yvonne to confirm her safety, but he found a black car following him through the rearview mirror.

He didn't need to call her anymore.

Sure enough, Lyle didn't get even the slightest benefit from Yvonne.

He must be so frustrated now that he wanted to take revenge on Trevor.

Trevor smiled faintly. He had already figured out what Lyle was thinking.

With his supercar's excellent speed and maneuverability, he darted through the traffic flexibly, giving Lyle a hard time.

Lyle soon noticed that Trevor was making fun of him. He realized that he had been discovered by Trevor.

He slammed the steering wheel angrily and blared the horn to vent his anger.

Lyle stepped hard on the accelerator, trying to stop the McLaren Senna.

But he just rented a car when he came to Dreles, and its performance was not as good as supercars. It could not catch up with the McLaren Senna at all.

After several failed attempts, Lyle became more and more irritable. He yelled from the car window, "Don't let me catch you, toy boy! I'm going to crush every bone of your body."

Trevor heard Lyle scolding from behind, and he sneered.

He would teach Lyle a lesson.

Trevor thought for a while and then led Lyle to a remote road.

When approaching a sharp curve, he deliberately slowed down.

As he expected, Lyle accelerated impatiently. The black car drove to the side of the McLaren Senna, attempting to stop it.

"Son of a bitch! Stop your car!" Lyle shouted.

Trevor just raised his eyebrows and smiled calmly.

The engine of the McLaren Senna roared loudly and suddenly accelerated.

Then it shot out like an arrow off the string.

Before Lyle could react, the supercar had already disappeared from his sight.

His face turned pale with shock.

It was not only because of the sudden disappearance of the McLaren Senna. More importantly, he realized that his car was on a sharp curve.

The direction he steered to stop the McLaren Senna put him in a dangerous situation.

"No!" Lyle's scream echoed.

He stepped on the brake, but it was too late.

The black car crashed into the guardrail of the road, creating a loud bang.

Then it bumped into a big tree on the roadside before it stopped.

The hood was twisted and bent, and the windshield shattered.

At this moment, smoke filled the car.

Lyle slammed into the steering wheel hard. The airbag popped and hit his face, saving his life.

But the broken windshield slashed his face.

His head and face bled, and he was in a terrible mess.

Lyle felt dizzy, but he still saw the McLaren Senna parked not far away.

The window was rolled down. Trevor waved at him and smiled.

Lyle was even more furious. He roared, "Damn you, bastard! I will kill you!"

He punched the airbag in front of him. But the force only caused it to hit his face again. What bad luck!

#### [Chapter 772 Looking For A Famous Doctor](#)

A furious roar kept coming from the black car.

Trevor quietly watched Lyle crawl out in resentment and embarrassment. He curled up his lips, started his McLaren Senna, and drove away.

He gently stroked the steering wheel of his supercar, quite satisfied with its performance just now.

Henrik provided him a very good supercar. It was not only powerful but also easy to drive.

When Trevor was driving back to his apartment, he unexpectedly saw a familiar figure in front of a bank.

It was Gwendolyn, the current manager of Top Cloud.

She hurriedly walked out of the bank and seemed to look around for a taxi.

Trevor slowly pulled over, rolled down the window, and greeted, "Hi, Miss Gwendolyn! You seem to be in a hurry. Do you want to take a ride?"

Gwendolyn looked anxious, but she still smiled.

"Thank you. You're a big help."

She hurriedly got in the car and quickly said, "Please take me to the hospital on Tanglouris Street. It's very urgent."

Trevor raised his eyebrows. But he immediately started the car without asking any more questions.

Gwendolyn was pulled back into the seat due to inertia and took a while to adapt. Then she explained, "My father's condition suddenly deteriorated. And now, my mother and brother are taking him to the

hospital. I was in a hurry to sell Top Cloud to raise money for my father's treatment. But I didn't expect his condition to worsen so soon."

Trevor sighed and said a few words to comfort her.

Soon, they arrived at the hospital, and they entered together.

"Doctor, I'm here now. I have the money. Please arrange for my father's operation as soon as possible. Please save him," Gwendolyn begged the doctor anxiously.

In the bed lay a skinny man, who seemed to have been injected with painkillers and was half conscious. His belly was abnormally swollen, and it looked terrifying.

There were already many people gathered around. They seemed to be relatives of the Dominguez family.

"Yes, please. My sister already has the money for the surgery. Doctor, please treat our father." A boy who seemed to have just grown up also urged the doctor.

However, the doctor showed an embarrassed look and said, "I'm sorry. For this kind of malignant tumor, we can only provide conservative management with our hospital's technology. Now that the patient's condition has worsened, we can't do anything about it. I'm afraid you need a better doctor to treat him."

"What should we do now?" Gwendolyn's face turned pale. She covered her mouth, almost crying.

Now that the situation was so critical, where could she find a better doctor?

Trevor was just watching quietly. Then he came up with an idea.

When he heard that they needed a more skilled doctor, Trevor immediately thought of Kristopher, the arrogant old man.

Back then, he had made a bet with Trevor at the mayor's home. And now, he was working in Central Hospital.

Trevor didn't know Kristopher's status in the medical field. But according to Nasir, he should be a very high-level doctor.

"Maybe I can help," Trevor said after thinking for a while. "I know a famous doctor in Dreles. I can introduce him to you."

Since Kristopher could be invited as the mayor's guest of honor and was recognized by Nasir, he must be very skilled.

Now that the situation was so critical, in any case, the patient must be sent to Central Hospital first.

Gwendolyn's eyes lit up at once. She knew that Trevor had a powerful background. Therefore, she didn't doubt his words.

She wiped her tears, turned to Trevor, and said excitedly, "Trevor, thank you so much! I can't lose my father. Please help me."

At this moment, someone suddenly called out, "Gwendolyn!"

Trevor found the voice a little familiar.

He looked back and saw an annoying face.

The man wore a colorful shirt with a diamond collar button in place. Scratches and blood were all over his face.

It was Lyle, who had just gotten into a road accident. He seemed to be here to have his wounds treated.

Lyle got furious when he saw Trevor. He gritted his teeth and strode over aggressively.

#### [Chapter 773 Even The Hospital Wall Is Broken](#)

Lyle stared at Trevor. His eyes turned red with anger.

He didn't even care that he was in the hospital. He shouted to Gwendolyn, "Gwendolyn, how can you be with this person? I saw it with my own eyes. He is a toy boy and kept by a woman. Gwendolyn, I advise you to stay away from him. Be careful not to be deceived."

Gwendolyn was too anxious because of his father's condition. She didn't have time to listen to Lyle's nonsense. She scolded him angrily, "Stop talking nonsense! My father is seriously ill, and this hospital can't treat him. Trevor helped me contact another doctor, and now my father will be transferred to another hospital for treatment."

Lyle was shocked. "Why is he seriously ill?"

Their families had some business deals.

Although their relationship was not that close, they knew each other. So he was surprised that he didn't hear anything about her father's condition.

Lyle glanced at Trevor stealthily and said, "Gwendolyn, you must be too concerned to realize he is lying. How can a toy boy know any famous doctor? Listen to me. I know a famous doctor in Mandalay. I'll contact him and ask him to come here as soon as possible."

Before Gwendolyn could say anything, Josiah, her brother, suddenly chimed in, "Okay, Lyle. That's good. We believe you."

Even Gwendolyn's mother looked at Trevor suspiciously and said between sobs, "Lyle, please help us contact that doctor."

Several relatives of the Dominguez family around also nodded in agreement.

Trevor was a stranger to them, and they were familiar with Lyle. Naturally, they would believe Lyle more.

"No problem. Leave everything to me. I'll deal with it right away."

When Lyle saw that many people were counting on him, his vanity was satisfied. He patted his chest and talked big.

Among them, only Gwendolyn knew Trevor's identity. So she said defiantly, "No! My father is critically ill. I don't know how long he can hold on. Even if the doctor in Mandalay can come here, it will take a lot of time."

Her words made sense, so it was difficult for everyone to object.

In the end, the hospital arranged an ambulance to take her father to Central Hospital.

Lyle lost the chance to show off, and he hated Trevor more because of it. He followed the ambulance all the way to Central Hospital.

At this time, a wall that had been forcibly demolished in Central Hospital had not been fully repaired.

Lyle raised his eyebrows when he saw this. He pointed at the wall and mocked loudly, "Trevor, is this the hospital you've recommended? Even the wall is broken. How dare you bring a patient here? How can a shabby hospital have a doctor who can treat Mr. Dominguez? Obviously, you don't care about human life at all. What the hell are you?"

Josiah also saw the wall. So he couldn't help saying, "Gwendolyn, is your friend reliable? Our father's malignant tumor is relatively complicated, and the surgery is demanding. I think this hospital is..."

Lyle was even more complacent. He said aloud, "Yes, that's right. I don't think there are any good doctors in this hospital. I'm afraid the doctors here can't even perform minor operations, let alone remove a complicated tumor. Gwendolyn, think it over carefully. This is a matter of life and death, so don't be deceived."

After saying this, Lyle looked at Trevor with eyes full of sarcasm.

The truth was, he didn't care about Gwendolyn's father.

His goal was to trample on Trevor.

He would take the opportunity to win Gwendolyn's heart.

The reason why he got close to the Dominguez family in the past was that he could get Gwendolyn.

At the thought of this, a trace of obscenity flashed through Lyle's eyes. His gaze quickly swept across Gwendolyn's butt.

#### [Chapter 774 An Angry Kristopher](#)

The hospital was in a dilapidated state, so it was difficult to gain the trust of patients and their families.

Both Trevor and Gwendolyn were aware of this fact.

Gwendolyn bit her lower lip, looking a little hesitant.

On the one hand, she trusted Trevor. The social resources that a core member of the Sanderson family could mobilize were far beyond what ordinary people could imagine.

So she believed that Trevor was capable of contacting a highly skilled doctor.

On the other hand, she was concerned about the hospital's environment.

"Don't worry. There was a small accident in the hospital before. The wall will be repaired in a few days," Trevor said to comfort Gwendolyn when he noticed the anxiety on her face. "Your father's life is the most important now. Time is running out."

Trevor ignored Lyle, who was still mocking him, and ran into the hospital to find Kristopher.

In the end, Gwendolyn chose to trust Trevor. She pushed the stretcher into the hospital with the nurses.

When Trevor brought Kristopher over, Lyle snorted coldly upon seeing them.

"Hey, Trevor, is this the doctor you are proud to recommend? I saw him coming from the outpatient department just now. Is he looking for someone to swindle some medical fees? Maybe he doesn't even have a doctor's license."

Josiah became more uncertain. He whispered to Gwendolyn, "How about we go to another hospital?"

Some of their relatives actually didn't care about their father's life at all. They even hoped that he died, so they could get his properties. One of them said insidiously, "That's right! Gwendolyn, Lyle tried to

persuade you, but you didn't listen to him. Why don't you take your father back to the last hospital? At least the doctors there can relieve your father's pain. This hospital doesn't look good. How can you expect a skilled doctor here?"

When he heard that more and more people were supporting him, Lyle said jokingly, "Gwendolyn, don't worry. I'll contact the famous doctor I know now and let this liar and quack doctor show his true color."

"Quack doctor? Did you just call me a quack doctor?"

Kristopher's face darkened when his credibility was questioned. And Lyle's words made him furious. He put away his stethoscope angrily and glared at Lyle and the Dominguez family.

He was serving in Central Hospital because he lost a bet, and he was very depressed.

Unexpectedly, he met a group of stupid people here.

Kristopher couldn't bear it, and he was irritable.

He shouted angrily, "I will not treat him! I'm telling you, I won't waste my time treating him. If anything happens to him, blame yourselves. You, idiots, have killed him!"

Lyle narrowed his eyes, and his complacency intensified. "Ha-ha! Trevor, is this guy an actor you hired? I think he can't continue to act anymore, so he quit. I'll make a video call now and expose his true color."

While waiting for the video call to connect, he pretended to be righteous and said, "Just wait and see, Trevor. A despicable villain like you will be punished."

A few seconds later, Lyle's video call was connected.

With a smug smile, he said on the screen, "Dr. Vargas, I met a liar pretending to be a genius doctor in Dreles. Please help me confirm."

Then he turned the camera to Kristopher's face.

Kristopher didn't stop Lyle. He just crossed his arms over his chest and sneered.

He wanted to see if the doctor on the other end of the line would recognize him or not.

After a brief silence, the words of the doctor on the other end of the line stunned everyone who doubted Trevor and Kristopher.

"Master? What are you doing there?"

[Chapter 775 Take The Consequences](#)



Lyle was instantly dumbfounded.

He didn't expect that Healy Vargas, a famous doctor in Mandalay, would respectfully call the old man his master.

Wasn't it enough proof that the old man was really a famous genius doctor?

Even the relatives of the Dominguez family who had just questioned Kristopher's identity were stunned.

They stared blankly at the old doctor, who still had his arms crossed over his chest indifferently, regretting what they said just now.

No one could guarantee that they wouldn't get sick in the future. What if Kristopher refused to treat them when that time came?

"Well... Dr. Vargas, can you come to Dreles? My friend's father has a malignant tumor and is in urgent need of surgery," Lyle pleaded hurriedly, hoping to save some face.

However, Healy showed an embarrassed expression and said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Moran. I'm abroad now. I'm afraid I don't have enough time to go to Dreles."

In other words, the only person who could save Gwendolyn's father was Kristopher, who had a bad temper.

Lyle's face turned livid. He remembered that Kristopher refused to treat Gwendolyn's father just now.

He immediately realized that he had made a big mistake.

If Gwendolyn's father died, she would definitely blame and hate him.

At this moment, Gwendolyn was so anxious that tears streamed down her face.

She turned to Kristopher and begged, "Doctor, please save my father."

Josiah blushed in embarrassment too. He slapped himself, knelt down, and apologized, "I'm so sorry. I know I said something wrong just now. Please forgive me. And please save my father."

The relatives of the Dominguez family were in an uproar. No matter what they thought, they all apologized this time.

But Kristopher just snorted coldly. He remained unmoved.

Gwendolyn pressed her lips tightly and glared at Lyle.

If he didn't make mischief, her father would have been treated now.

Seeing how Gwendolyn stared at him, Lyle was fuming mad.

He didn't feel repentant because Gwendolyn's father might die. He was still thinking about her sexy figure.

He screwed things up, and he had no way to have sex with her anymore unless he could deceive her into coming to Mandalay, which was his territory.

Lyle's face darkened, and he kept silent.

"Mr. Sanderson, please help me persuade the doctor to save my father. I offended him just now. Please help my father." At this moment, Josiah turned to Trevor and begged for help.

Trevor couldn't bear to see this heart-wrenching scene, so he turned to approach Kristopher.

He knew that Kristopher was still a little angry. He thought for a while and whispered, "Don't step down to their level. They are just a group of idiots who were instigated. Lyle is the real culprit. If you agree to treat the patient, I will help you vent your anger. What do you think?"

Kristopher turned his head and looked at Lyle's long face. He snorted and said, "Deal! But you must teach that bastard a lesson."

He said those words just now only because of anger. Of course, he was a doctor. He couldn't let a patient die in front of him.

"Nurse, arrange an operating room. Call Nasir over. I will be the chief surgeon, and let him be my assistant."

Kristopher quickly arranged everything. Although he said he wouldn't treat the patient, he still put the patient's life first.

He was too embarrassed to go back on his word, but Trevor gave him an out.

Kristopher and Nasir worked together and successfully removed the malignant tumor.

With follow-up checkups, observation, and medication adherence, there was a high probability that Gwendolyn's father could pull through.

Tears of joy streamed down Gwendolyn's face when she heard the good news. She hugged Trevor excitedly and said loudly, "Trevor, thank you so much! You saved my father. I don't even know how to thank you."

Trevor felt a little embarrassed being hugged tightly.

Lyle looked at Gwendolyn and felt a burning pain in his face. It was as if he had been slapped hard by an invisible hand.

Jealousy flashed through his eyes. But he just turned around and was about to leave quietly.

However, Trevor saw at a glance that Lyle wanted to escape. So he stretched out his hand to stop Lyle.

"Lyle, where are you going? Do you think you can leave just like that after slandering our hospital and Kristopher? Stay and take the consequences."

#### [Chapter 776 Build The Wall](#)

"Fuck you, Trevor! Don't push your luck!" Lyle barked as if someone was holding him captive. "I am warning you! You won't get away with it just because you're the owner of a hospital. You're nothing in the eyes of the plutocrats."

Raising his eyebrows in fake astonishment, Trevor asked, "You think you're one of those plutocrats?"

"Of course I am!" Lyle seemed dangerously tough, but he was quite scared on the inside. "My father is the chairman of Senhaun Medical Instrument Group. As long as I give the order, your hospital will not be able to buy any medicines or medical devices."

A humorous chuckle left Trevor's lips as he gestured at the security guards standing at the hospital entrance.

The security guards were already assessing the situation from afar. So, when their boss waved, they hurried towards him, surrounding Lyle.

Surrounded by those sturdy guards, Lyle was alarmed even more. "What the fuck are you trying to do, Trevor? You will regret it if anything happens to me!"

"Well, but I remember someone slandered my hospital and bad-mouthed Kristopher. I've got evidence against you. I can freaking sue you, Lyle." Pointing with a finger, Trevor made the surveillance camera above their heads visible to Lyle. "Our hospital is equipped with modern technological cameras. They record pretty well, you know. I know about the best lawyer in Dreles. I am waiting for the day you sit in the dock of the court."

Trevor's words paled Lyle even more.

He wasn't a resident of Dreles. If he got into trouble there, he would be so damn doomed.

From the corner of his eye, Lyle saw the guards getting closer to him. Each movement of those guards brought more strain on his whole being.

"Gwendolyn! Help me, Gwendolyn! Don't let Trevor sue me! I can't go to the court of Dreles. Trevor will pull the strings." Gwendolyn was his only hope there. So, Lyle called her name for help.

She looked back at his face in disdain. The Dominguez family had a good bond with the Moran family. But if she had trusted Lyle, her father would have died.

It was eventually Trevor and Kristopher who saved her father, not Lyle.

Keeping that reason in mind, Gwendolyn couldn't give an opinion just on the family bond. "Sorry. But I don't care, neither can I help you."

As if blood was draining out of his body, Lyle looked at Gwendolyn as he paled. His eyes were open wide like saucers. His gaze drifted from Trevor to Gwendolyn to the guards around him as panic rushed through his veins.

Enjoying the scene, Kristopher took off his surgical gown and sat aside, holding a cup of tea.

Lyle's helpless and tense expression delighted him.

Kristopher would never want Trevor's anger, but he would love to see him make others go through what they deserved.

"What do you want from me?" Lyle finally dropped his shield of rigidity.

Trevor ruffled his hair by drawing a hand through it. "First, apologize to Kristopher."

It was a blow to Lyle's arrogance. A frown tried to cover his expression, but the pain in the untreated wound on his face hurt him.

With bitterness, Lyle glared at Trevor before looking at Kristopher. He finally calmed himself and walked toward Kristopher reluctantly.

"Sorry. You're an amazing doctor. I shouldn't have insulted you."

Kristopher only sneered at Lyle's emotionless apology. He didn't say anything.

Taking in a deep breath, Lyle turned toward Trevor. "You saw it. I apologized. Now can I leave?"

"Who said that you can leave? Where do you think you're going? Apologizing to Kristopher was one thing, but you've also slandered our hospital." An evil smirk appeared on Trevor's lips as he tilted his head. "Oh, I remember you were talking about the wall that is under construction. I have a perfect plan! How about you do the rest of the work and build the whole wall? You're not going anywhere before it's finished."

Lyle forgot to breathe. He was frozen for a moment with anger and anguish before he shouted in an overwhelmed rage, "That's bullshit, Trevor! You're going too far!"

"Why? Are you refusing?"

With his head tilted to a side, Trevor raised an eyebrow, and his guards stepped towards Lyle. They seemed eager to beat Lyle to a pulp.

With frustrating resentment filling him thoroughly, Lyle chose to build the wall disheartened.

Of course, he had never worked like that. The hard work he was going through covered his palms in painful scratches.

Mosquito bites irritated him even more as it was getting late and dark.

With tired and trembling fingers, Lyle put the cement on the bricks. He was shaking all over while no one was getting him out of the strict supervision.

This torture of building the rest of the wall wouldn't stop for at least a day and a night.

#### [Chapter 777 Yvonne's Pestering](#)

All night long, Lyle had the misfortune of being bitten by mosquitoes. He had rashes and mosquito bites all over his body and it made him upset.

Trevor, on the other hand, slept well and went to class as usual the next day.

Even though he had passed his family's trial, he still wanted to continue to hone himself and study well.

Because of how beautiful the McLaren Senna was, Trevor was worried that it could pool in a crowd of onlookers if he were to drive the car into school, making it difficult for him to get in and out.

So, he normally parked his car in a parking lot a little far away from campus.

To his surprise, when he went back to the parking lot after school, he noticed that someone was squatting next to his car.

"Oh, it really is you, Trevor!" The person stood up and pretended to be surprised.

It was Yvonne!

Yesterday, her date with Trevor was ruined by Lyle, but she refused to give up.

She conducted a covert task by coming here and waiting to fabricate a chance encounter.

"What a coincidence! When I passed by and noticed this McLaren Senna, I wondered if it was your car. I'm surprised it's actually yours."

Yvonne was quite good at telling lies. She had already formulated all the things she would say to him.

Trevor frowned. The fact that she insisted on sticking around him was starting to get on his nerves.

He knew Yvonne would do everything to seduce him since she had done so yesterday.

"Trevor, it's a bit cold today. Do you mind driving me home?" Yvonne said in a sweet tone before Trevor could get a word in.

Having said that, she entered the sports car and sat in the passenger seat without waiting for Trevor's consent.

A smile appeared on her lips and she felt quite proud of herself.

"Don't try to escape from me, Trevor!" she muttered at the back of her mind.

Yvonne wanted him to fall in love with her and extort money from him. She wasn't going to give up so easily.

Today, she wore a tight skirt and black silk stockings to make herself look sexier.

After getting in the car, she crossed her legs to make herself look attractive to him.

She even rubbed her thighs and leaned against Trevor, showing him her plump breasts and tempting cleavage.

Yvonne whispered, "It feels cold."

The sound of her voice could make any man fall beneath her feet.

Trevor shook his head and heaved a sigh. "Sit up straight and fasten your seat belt. You should obey traffic laws, got it?"

Yvonne was stupefied. She pursed her lips, uncertain of what to say. In the end, she felt dispirited and decided to fasten her seat belt.

Even so, her competitive spirit was stimulated.

Ever since she was a child, everyone saw her as a treasured jewel. Her family background was incredible, and her beauty was captivating.

No man had ever been indifferent towards her. She refused to believe that Trevor wouldn't take the bait.

Trevor noticed the change on her expression, but he just shrugged it off and shook his head.

It was easy for him to tell what Yvonne was thinking.

She wanted to get her grubby hands on his money by seducing him.

Trevor didn't want to have too much interaction with her, so he said, "You invited me to a French restaurant yesterday, so how about I invite you to dinner today?"

He thought that this way, they wouldn't owe each other anything anymore.

By then, they could go back to their own lives and not interfere with each other again.

However, Yvonne didn't seem to think so.

She thought that Trevor had finally fallen in love with her and she was going to succeed.

"Okay, Trevor. Let's go wherever you want to go," she said.

#### [Chapter 778 Run Out Of Money](#)

"So what if Trevor is a core member of the Sanderson family? As long as I will it, I can easily make him fall for me. My charm is unparalleled!" Yvonne muttered at the back of her mind. She grinned, feeling proud of herself.

She figured she needed to try even harder, and it would be best to make Trevor confess his love to her today.

"Trevor, my stomach is aching." Yvonne pretended that her stomach was indeed aching, stroking it, and acting like a spoiled child. "Can you please massage it for me?"

Trevor was rendered speechless. Yvonne was trying to seduce him again.

Sadly for her, none of it worked on him.

Pretending like he didn't know her purpose, he continued driving and said, "If your stomach is aching, you should go see a doctor. Actually, I just bought a hospital a few days ago. Do you want drop by there and get yourself checked?"

Yvonne froze and she stopped stroking her belly.

Her eyes widened in shock as she looked Trevor.

Why was he so unromantic? He didn't even appreciate being able to have intimate contact with someone as beautiful as her.

Annoyed, she sat in the passenger seat in silence and pouted.

But then, she remembered that Trevor managed to buy Top Cloud, a new hospital, and such an expensive sports car. Needless to say, he was filthy stinking rich!

With renewed desire and fiery eyes, Yvonne stared at him and asked, "Trevor, do you have any other investments in mind?"

Trevor glanced at her, seemingly able to see through her surface and witness how greedy she was.

There was no doubt in his mind that Yvonne wanted to ask him how much money he still had.

After pondering on it, Trevor shrugged. "Before I invested, I did have sufficient working capital. However, I earned all of it from Henrik, the Wright family's heir. Even this sports car is a prize I won from betting against him. After I invested in the restaurant and hospital, I used almost all of my money up. If you don't believe me, you can ask the Wright family about it."

Trevor smirked. He wasn't lying, but he omitted some details.

He had invested in the hospital and the restaurant, and spent all the money he earned from the Wright family.

However, it didn't mean that he didn't have any money left.

The look on Yvonne's face changed dramatically.

He was out of money!

The money which Trevor had gained from the Wright family was all gone.

These were the only important things she derived from his story.

Previously, she believed that Trevor was an important member of the Sanderson family because she completely believed Covington when he said that Trevor invested a great amount of money and was now the new boss of Top Cloud.

Yvonne deduced his identity through that information.



But after hearing Trevor's explanation, she couldn't help but doubt her own judgment.

Seeing as she seemed dissuaded, Trevor became even more indifferent.

What he said just now was true. All that he earned from Trevor had been used up within two investments.

And as for his identity as the Sanderson family's successor, he wasn't going to tell her, since she didn't ask about it.

Yvonne felt like she was on pins and needles at the moment. Just thinking of how she tried every dirty tactic to seduce Trevor infuriated her.

What a load of crap!

She felt fortunate that she didn't sleep with him yet.

Damn it! She almost got cheated by a cash-poor man!

Yvonne screamed at the top of her lungs, "Stop the car!"

#### [Chapter 779 Blackmail](#)

Trevor stepped on the breaks.

His car immediately screeched into a halt.

Annoyed, Yvonne unfastened her seat belt and opened the car door. She was about to get out when Trevor asked, "What's the matter? Don't you want to eat with me anymore?"

Raising an eyebrow, Trevor smiled faintly.

It was fun to see her annoyed face.

Getting out of the car without even looking back, Yvonne replied through gritted teeth, "Go eat by yourself! I'm not in the mood to have a meal with you!"

She slammed the car door behind her and walked away in a huff.

With one hand on the steering wheel, Trevor watched Yvonne leave and scoffed, saying nothing.

He had been around the likes of her, who were only after wealth and power. They didn't deserve even his anger.

Besides, his main objective was to investigate Rudolph's ulterior plan.

Yvonne didn't matter as much, so Trevor didn't care if she was mad at him.

He grabbed the clutch and started his car again.

Even without Yvonne, he would still find a nearby restaurant and eat.

On the quiet road, Trevor slowly drove his silver sports car as he looked around for restaurants.

Cars were scarce on this road, so Trevor continued to drive leisurely without being urged to go fast.

At that moment, however, a man suddenly jumped onto the road in front of him.

Trevor was so taken aback that he slammed on the brakes.

Fortunately, he was driving slowly, so his car stopped at once and didn't hit the man.

However, the man lay on the ground and screamed.

"Ouch! It hurts!"

Was this man planning to blackmail him?

Getting out of his car, Trevor narrowed his eyes.

If the man wasn't here to blackmail, he must be mentally unstable for lying down in the middle of the road.

His leather jacket was tattered and dirty, and his hair was long and greasy.

He looked like a homeless person.

However, as he moved, a brand new and high-end Zippo lighter slipped out of his pocket.

Allan, the homeless-looking man, was flustered. He hurriedly picked up the lighter and put it back in his pocket. He then took out a broken glass bottle from his trouser pocket and cried out.

"No! My daughter's medicine! This would have saved her life. How will I face her now that it's spilled to the ground? Oh, my dear daughter. I'm sorry!"

On the ground beside him was the spilled liquid.

Scowling, Trevor was almost certain the man would blackmail him.

If he guessed right, the fraudster would demand a preposterous amount as compensation.

"This is all your fault! You have to compensate me for the damage! And since you hit me, you should also pay for my medical expenses!" As expected, the man asked for compensation while crying his eyes out. "You can't leave here if you don't pay me five hundred dollars!"

His wailing attracted many passers-by, who stopped in their tracks and exchanging unsolicited comments about Trevor.

Trevor shot them a cold glance.

Giving away five hundred dollars was nothing to him, but he was irked by the thought of being blackmailed.

Despite the tears, a streak of smugness flashed in Allan's eyes. He was sure Trevor would give in, just like the many others he had successfully blackmailed before him.

Allan usually found his targets on quiet roads like this one. He would wait for luxury cars to pass by and then pretend he got hit so he could blackmail the wealthy drivers.

Most of his wealthy victims didn't want to waste time, so they would just hand him the money to shut him up. He was sure Trevor wouldn't be any different.

Taking a stealthy glance at Trevor's shiny McLaren Senna, Allan felt even more pleased with himself.

How would Trevor refuse to pay him when he was basically flaunting his rich status by driving a fancy sports car on this quiet street?

#### [Chapter 780 Testing The Potion](#)

Trevor didn't miss the flash of smugness on Allan's face.

Looking down at the man on the ground, he asked coldly, "I'm sure I didn't hit you. But if you insist that I did, why don't I see any blood?"

Allan shot him a scornful look.

He had been blackmailing people on the road for a long time.

In those years, he had encountered stubborn victims like Trevor and knew by experience how to deal with them.

Shouting, he turned to the passers-by to get their attention.

"Look here, everybody! This young man hit me with his car and broke my daughter's medicine bottle,

but he refused to take responsibility for his actions!"

Allan grabbed his leg and pretended to be seriously injured.

"It's not like he didn't have the money. Just look at his car! It's luxurious and expensive. He's rich, but he doesn't have mercy. He also refused to pay for my medical fees after injuring me! He has no conscience!"

After seeing that everyone's attention was already on him, he continued, "It's because of rich people like him that we experience misfortunes and injustices! They may be abundant with money, but they are heartless! They exploit the weak by dishonoring the law with the use of their status and power, disregarding the virtues of human morality altogether! He will remain rich while I have an injured leg! What will happen to my sick daughter? If I become disabled, who's going to support her needs and my family?"

Allan had tears in his eyes, completing his act.

His dramatic speech fanned the crowd's hatred against the oppressive wealthy people in society.

Everyone seemed to believe his lies about being injured and having a seriously ill daughter and sympathized with him.

They darted accusatory looks at Trevor and whispered to each other.

"Rich people like him are so full of themselves that it's disgusting! He wouldn't admit hitting this poor man even in broad daylight."

"He drives an expensive car but won't spare a penny for this pitiful man."

Hearing the crowd's comments, Allan looked at Trevor haughtily.

He was sure Trevor would fold under public pressure soon. After all, rich people like him didn't like to be humiliated.

Even if Trevor insisted on saying he didn't hit Allan, he wouldn't be able to support his claim because his car didn't have a dash cam installed to record what really happened.

Allan looked sharply at Trevor, anticipating his concession.

However, things went differently.

Equaling Allan's glare, Trevor sneered.

There wasn't even a trace of panic or fear on his face.

He was adamant to stop this shameless fraudster from succeeding with his scheme.

Trevor strode over and bent down to pick up the broken bottle on the ground.

There was a little liquid residue inside.

Allan paused, watching Trevor hold the bottle in his hand.

Before Allan could react, Trevor took out his phone and called Bradly.

"Hello, Bradly. I'm in Tonkey Street right now. Please contact a chemical testing lab. I've got some kind of liquid here that needs to be tested immediately."

After that, Trevor ended the call.

He turned to Allan and flashed a confident smile.

He didn't believe the liquid was medicine like this fraudster claimed.

Trevor's words during the call made Allan's blood run cold.

He swallowed hard and thought of a way to escape his upcoming doom. He started to cry out again, "Stop putting on airs! What chemical testing lab are you talking about? Ha! Don't try to scare me. Pay me now!"

Trevor just scoffed. Ignoring Allan, he leaned against his car and waited for the lab team.

About fifteen minutes later, a white minibus arrived.

The men in white PPE suits got off the minibus with equipment boxes in their hands. One of them nodded at Trevor before taking the broken glass bottle from him.

Placing the equipment boxes on the ground, the lab team started to take out the testing apparatus in front of everyone.

"Wow!"

The crowd was stunned.

The contempt they had toward Trevor was immediately replaced with awe upon the arrival of the lab team, doing the test on the spot.

On the other hand, Allan began to panic, his face turning livid.

He had planned to reduce the compensation amount if Trevor still refused to pay. He didn't expect Trevor to make a huge deal of this matter by calling a lab team to disprove his bluff.